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BY HENRY
AND HELEN
CHADWICK ✿



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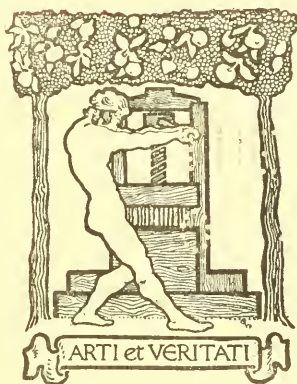
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Far From the Stone Streets

Poems

HENRY and HELEN CHADWICK



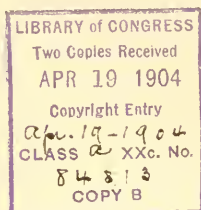
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*From these stone streets I would go
Where the pines' rude blossoms blow;
Where the winds the leaf lids lift,
Letting sunshine through each rift;
Where bright brooks keep ceaseless song
As their foam flecks file along;
Where the outer ocean lies
Solitary 'neath the skies;
Where the wind-built sand dunes lift
Sun-bleached shoulders, drift on drift.
Far from tasteless toil to fly,
There I'd rest, and I'd be I.*



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Far From the Stone Streets

SLEIGHING

Here are we nestled, warm and snug,
Within the cutter's perfumed rug,
And swiftly o'er the light road skim
Toward the hills that far and dim
Lie on the cold horizon's rim.

Away, away! the snow is white,
The air is clear, the moon is bright.
To backward glance the village spires,
Tipped with their pale up-pointing fires,
Fade as a holy thought expires.

Away! tonight our company
The spirits of the frost shall be;
We'll chase the flying bells whose play
On moonlit meadows far away
Is softened to a murmur gay.

Away through villages that lie
Like silver jewels, gliding by
The river's gleaming stream of steel,
Whose fringe of ice the waves conceal
That echo back our sleigh bells' peal.

Here stands a quiet farmhouse; there
A stretch of glistening fields lies bare;
Here thickets, robed in white array,
Climb the steep banks, and sharply lay
Dark shadows o'er our rapid way.

The shaken trees their crystals fling,
That shatter with an airy ring;
And hark! a mocking ripple swells
From where the covered streamlet wells
And tinkles through its icy cells.

Away again! yon pine-trees tall
Close round us a mysterious wall;
Through their great harps the solemn moan
Of winds is sweeping, long and lone,
In melancholy minor tone.

Away through spicy forests, hung
With mantles by the storm winds flung,
From out whose solitude the sigh
Of breezes brings some weird, wild cry,
To scare us as we glimmer by.

Ah, see! the watch fire on the lake,
Where merry skaters pleasure take!
Their voices, as we onward go,
Die to a light cadenza, low
As sounds through dreams of music flow.

The prospect widens; on before
Stretches the broad lake's dazzling floor;
And far, where pearly vapors rise,
Shine through a mist the peaceful skies
And azure hills of paradise.

The distance shuts like wings behind;
Before, it opens silver-lined;
The angel of the radiant night
Leads ever on before our flight,
And past us stream its robes of light.

WINTER'S MASQUERADE

What robe is this that Winter hath put on?
Jealous of Spring, the antic-minded wight
Hath wove a mimic springtime in the night.
Through gentle groves of mist we gaze at dawn,
Save these, in place of living green, are white.
Where'er the eye may turn, pale avenues
Stretch fairy vistas 'mong the veiled rocks —
Ghost of the imprisoned Spring, whose beauty
 mocks
The weighted evergreens and the lone birds.
'T is useless, Winter! no soft breeze yet woos —
No busy hum of voices speaks delight,
And thy low clouds keep sullen oversight.
And look! where sunlight bursts, too swift for
 words,
Thy fair pretending groves with ice flash bright!

EXOTICS

Thou! I love thee! cool, dim green and carmine,
 Creamy, pure white and frail pink deep'ning
 down —
Rare mingling forms and perfumed colors ming-
 ling —
 O sweetest soundless music that can drown
All feelings save this longing thou dost wake
 Toward — I know not what! — Art thou a key
To ope the door of the mysterious Life
 Whose fire leaps into my heart through thee?
Ah! now I know the secret of thy power!
 Poem of Nature! the Promethean flame —
The infinite Thought breathes in thy perfect
 beauty,
And writes on thee the glory of a Name.

THE PINE'S DREAM

"A pine-tree standeth lonely,

* * * *

And of a palm it dreameth."

— *Heine*.

"The pine-tree * * * * is as immortal as
I am, and perchance will go to as high a heaven."

— *Thoreau*.

It dreams that palm and pine-tree
Will die; that winds will wait
To waft their final perfumes
To some far, airy state
Where they will meet and mingle
Beneath the azure dome,
Like souls on earth long sundered,
That find in Heaven one home.

IDEALS AFAR

I view the sunlit, snow-encumbered world,
And in the distance see a treeless hill.
Upon the hill's white shoulder is a space
Of shade, thrown from a cloud low-poised and
still.

My soul's ideal stands serene and pure,
But o'er its light there bends a shape of woe,
Spirit of earthly strife — as yonder shade
Bedims the lustre of the unsullied snow.

AT SUNSET

The snow came down on Saugus,
And left a wide, white plain —
The rosy evening tingles
With the breath of the far, blue main.

There's laid an ermine mantle
On distant, pale Nahant,
Where the purple fires of sunset
Fall tenderly aslant:

Fall from the orange glowing
In the wine-red vault of the west,
That strikes through bold black lacings
Of elm-tree boughs at rest.

Beneath, the farmhouse raises
Its picturesque silhouette —
Cold, darker hills sweep onward
To where the sun has set;

And high in the violet ether
The crescent moon shines clear;
Dusk is a vesper chanted
To the heart held still to hear.

WINTER EVENING

The flames around my birch log flash, and furl
Their yellow pennants, while weird smoke
streams whirl.

Without, the night notes of the frozen rain
Sound snipping, snapping on the window pane.

WHEN THE ICE GOES OUT

BY THE MERRIMAC

When the ice goes out,
The great float rushes, grinds along the shore ;
Then fragments flocked like dolphins glide to
sea —

Swift runs the steely current, quivering cold —
When the ice goes out.

When the ice goes out,
The water flashes o'er its darkling blue,
And, glad with life renewed, at sunset flushing,
Answers the stooping sky — O fair the picture! —

When the ice goes out.

When the ice goes out,
Quickens the earth, and sudden gleams of sunshine
Play o'er the dark pine shores with smiles prophetic,
And clouds pile up in April gloom and splendor,
When the ice goes out.

When the ice goes out,
The stark limbs of white birches on the shore —
All wakening things — reach toward the softened sunlight,
Dreaming of rustling leaves and babbling runnels,
When the ice goes out.

SONG SPARROWS IN MARCH

New life hath touched the heart of the earth in
its beating,

For, down on the marshes wide,
Where 'neath a soft-flecked sky flows in the
luminous tide,

Blossom the pussy-willows, on stems o'er the
stone walls meeting ;

And clear and clear

From far and near,

The thread-like trills of song sparrows a web of
music are weaving

Over the marshes wide, far out where the sea is
heaving.

Sing on, O luminous tide, from the sea of silver
flooding!

O birds, what means your song?

Strong is your faith in a dream that Summer
will come ere long.

(Sweet the odors of turf and sea breeze and the
spice the willows fling.)

Though the east wind blow

Through flurries of snow,

From out some place of hiding your undaunted
eyes will be peering,

As you wait to fill with music the sunset in its
clearing.

Then tenderly over the marshes the amber light
will be falling,

Over the sea's blue strip

Where far on the dim horizon blushes some
fleeting ship ;

And flung out loud and clear the thread-like trills
will be calling, —
“ Hope hath returned
And the joy that burned
In our hearts was not misleading ; for Summer is
telling her story,
Sending out messages far and wide in the sun-
set's glory ! ”

HEPATICAS

Meek woodland stars ! purple and rose and white,
Opening your silvery buds in noonday light,
I welcome the glad messages you bring —
That Winter's cold yields to the warmth of
Spring.
How frail you are ! and yet some quenchless hope
Leads you to face, on this north-looking slope,
The chilly air and brown woods yet unstirred
By whispers that your quicker ears have heard.
Most like you are to hopes of Heaven that spring
Within the sinful heart, just wakening,
Like these bare fields, from out the power of
death,
Touched by the Holy Spirit's quickening breath.
And you, sweet blossoms, in your seeds have slept
Till Spring her promise to awake you kept,
Have shaped God's thought of you to leaves and
flowers
With mindless patience through the winter hours,
Till, ere I plucked you, waiting here you stood
To give me pleasure ! Truly, God is good.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

O how fast you grow,
Dainty little thing!
Fairy wands all in a row,
In the tender Spring.

I look every day
In your leaves' cool cells,
Hoping you have heard Spring say,
"Now bring out your bells!"

Every little heart,
Robed in moonbeam white,
Slowly bursts its globe apart
And opens to the light.

Then, quite wide awake,
Each astonished bell
Gives itself a tiny shake —
"My! how sweet I smell!"

A MAY SHOWER

It caught the breath of flowers away
And dashed it in my face,
And all the resin buds of May
Leaped up with jocund hearts that day;
The streams whipped foam in shallow pools,
Where all the air the rain-splash cools,
And apple blossoms peeped to see
What spattered them so merrily —
It was the rain of May.

The birds set up a warbling shout
Above the rushing fall;
Gold dandelions round about
To wash their faces had come out,
And colors streaked the rocks, between
Wet branches weaving mists of green.
But suddenly there came to me
The old salt odor of the sea,
Blown through the rain of May.

UVULARIA

Frail woodland beauty! thou dost spring to meet
The wandering hamadryad's seeking eye,
Breathing thy secret of nativity.
'T is thus she reads her poems, in the leaves
Of flowers finding all philosophy —
Sweet books, where perfect law Love's message
weaves
In the pure native tongue the heart doth greet.
How much they hold, Eternity reveals —
Stars are but letters on the lustrous page —
Yet this true speech hath such a wondrous gauge,
One airy sentence, like this blossom here,
Touches the Author's plan. Age after age,
Groping for words that shall life's deeps make
clear,
Oft in despair by some frail flower kneels.

ULTIMA THULE

Far off, where the misty headlands
Melt into the serene ocean,
I would fly, — there even motion
Hath more quiet than my rest.
Here the sun shines, but a sadness
Haunts the spring, outweighing gladness.
While the tree tops weave their laces,
There, perhaps, are silent places
Where the empty soul embraces
The sweet secret of its rest.
Even now the sea wind's fingers
Touch my heart, where softly lingers
Thought of infinite peace — deep feeling
Wafted from those isles of healing;
Utmost Isle! there the vexed spirit
Seeks the joy it shall inherit.
So, if I could be uplifted
And to those far headlands drifted,
Where the sunshine's gold hath sifted
Gleams that on the waters rest, —
Somewhere on those far off headlands,
Looking on the ceaseless motion
Of the unending blue of ocean,
I might find the perfect rest.

THE CALL

"The Red Gods call us out and we must go."
—Kipling.

Do you know a shady woodland where smooth
roads go winding through,
Over which the soft-shod cycles glide and
gleam?
Do you know a country highway where the
shadows wave and weave,
Near an old log bridge that spans a spinning
stream?
O 'tis there that I am going, going wheeling
with my lover,
And we'll drink from brooks that falter as they
flow;
We shall hear the squirrel chuckle, see the part-
ridge whir to cover,
"For the Red Gods call us out and we must
go."

ANTICIPATION

We shall stand on that hill where the pines brush
the blue,
And the mountains will lend their grand grace to
the view;
And sweet rest and twilight will bless me and you,
While the setting sun fashions his flames.

THE BROOK

I know where its stream first sees the day,
Far back in the rockbound wells;
And it softly creeps on its sinuous way,
A thread of light through the pebbles gray,
Singing — ah, what? who tells?

The wavelet crisps on its widening sea,
And dancing bubbles break,
As an Artist draws, with a hand full free,
Circle and line — soft vocal glee
Ripples along their wake.

The ancients thought that the tune of the tide
Laughed through some naiad's throat;
But 't is only the music that doth abide
At the heart of all, whate'er betide —
Creation's hopeful note.

In noiseless pools — like rests that lie
In song, too deep for speech,
Glow the calm beauty of the sky —
The measureless Divinity —
Love soaring beyond reach.

The mirrored stars afar off swinging,
Join in the brook's low rhyme.
The endless fugue through all space ringing,
Chords hearts, and spheres and spray drops
flinging —
The symphony of Time.

Sing, brook! soft syllables repeating
What sages may not know!
If I could tell what foam waves breaking
Might tell, or the wind the long grass shaking,
How would my numbers flow!

THE APPROACH OF SUMMER

A warm breath blew my hair ;
I looked, but everywhere
Bloomed innocent child-blossoms of the Spring.
Silence and May were near ;
But still — yes, I could hear
A silver voice in far off echoing.

A soft hand touched my own ;
I looked, and, overgrown,
A damask bud was bursting into bloom.
Slow from the low, flushed sky,
As velvet robes trail by,
Passed a rich, almost visible, perfume.

A presence smote my soul,
And, vibrating, it stole
Upward, a note of earth's full harmony.
Sound, glowing color, scent,
In one sweet outburst blent,
Poured forth inspired Summer's symphony.

But ah, my heart, my heart !
Why should within thee start
Pale images of roses that are dead ?
The song thy summer sung,
Long, long ago it rang
An echo 'mong the hills with sunset red.

A SUMMER DRIVE

Along the peaceful village street
We ride, in pleasant talk at ease.
Far off the sparkling river lies
Deep blue beneath the summer skies.
Among the overarching trees
Rustles the fragrant southwest breeze,
And on the firm white road the cheery hoof-
strokes beat.

Beyond the wayside hedges, dream
Green meadows, where the red kine graze.
Wide fields of waving corn and wheat
Drink in the sun's fierce, ripening heat,
And far, a line of low hills raise
Their summits in the tender haze
That marks the winding way of Powow's gentle
stream.

Ah, how the fresh breeze springs from o'er
The river's white-capped, blue expanse!
Its wide, deep current flows between
Low shores and hills of sombre green.
Birds twitter, silver sparkles dance,
The birches' gay leaves gleam and glance,
And light-rushing wavelets break upon the shore.

Through country ways, on, on for miles,
Till shadows lengthen: from this height,
Behind, the purple stream winds down
Past hill, and field, and distant town;
Before, through gates of dazzling light,
A sea of silver melts from sight.
Wide o'er the happy earth the peace of Heaven
smiles!

The summer woods! this shaded way —
How cool it is — how sweet and still!
A tender, vernal dusk pervades
The silence of these leafy glades,
Save where, through broken openings, spill
Splashes of sunlight; oft a trill
Bubbles, and quick wings rustle from a tilting
spray.

What drifts of white, luxuriant bloom
Along the sylvan vistas grow?
Lo, clematis hath twined her bowers
Of gushing leaves and foaming flowers!
Down through her wreaths of virgin snow
The sunset's hazy splendors glow,
And beams of golden green slant through the
verdurous gloom.

The sun hath set; down pleasant lanes
Come slowly home the lowing kine.
Sweet odors fill the gathering dew
From meadows where the hay is new.
Drifting o'er yonder misty line
Of coast, comes inland from the brine
The strong salt air. Slowly the glimmering twi-
light wanes.

Now on the bridge, resounding slow,
Homeward, we cross the river's breast.
Deep in its polished mirror lie
The crescent moon, the hollow sky,
And wooded banks; and, islands blest,
The rosy cloudlets of the west
Lie anchored in a second golden heaven below.

A sense of rest the evening fills —
An influence of tenderness.
The Spirit clothed in nature's grace
Unveils the beauty of His face.
Soft zephyr, like a light caress,
Springs as the lingering day grows less,
And from the scented fields the insect chorus
shrills.

“THE WIND IS SIGHING THROUGH MY
LATTICE BOWER”

The wind is sighing through my lattice bower,
And leafy shadows tremble on the floor.

The solemn light
That steeps the mountains in its sleeping gold,
Is sleeping here, and far and far away,

No sound, no motion save the noiseless drift
Of rose leaves on the grass; and through my
heart

A sadness steals
One with the nameless grief that haunts the day,
Whose softened glory, wafted from the east,

Holds the wild, mystic secret of the sea.
A yellow butterfly goes flitting down

The garden path,
And disappears. A spirit broods alone,
Beautiful, but like a spirit of the dead.

TO THE EAST WIND

O thou that echoest the voiceful deep —
Mighty and strong! I dare to come to thee
In love, not fear. I bring to thee, O Wind,
The thoughts which thou hast left me, blossomed
out.

Thou! while thou circlest in thy stormy sweep,
Setting thy long-imprisoned voices free! —
I hear beyond them wail a sorrowing mind,
And sounds of weeping mingle with thy shout.

Ah, is it strange 'tis so, when thou hast come
From places where the centuries lie dead —
Where all the darkness moves with memories
Of the far past, and naught but dripping ledges
Answer them, save when thou leav'st thy home,
And far and near thy haunted vapors shed?
The cooling hand that on my forehead lies
Perchance hath come from where long ocean
sedges

Trail o'er the lost, or wrecks that through the
gloom
Like phantoms move the water in low sighs;
Or where gold heaps run into darts of light,
And curious fishes smell and pass them by.
All things that in the salt sea find a tomb —
The windless forests desolate of skies —
Decaying cities sunken in the night
Of long oblivion, where ruined lie

Their splendors past, and crusted are their halls
With shellfish and the seaweed's flaunting hair —
Where fins fan through the windows, and the
ghost
That comes to visit his earth home once more
Flies frightened when some mouldered turret falls

With sullen splash,—O Wind, thou from thy lair
Teltest of these, and more; thy viewless host
Shudder within me as the ocean's roar.

But there are days — the fresh and bright and
free —

When o'er the darting sparkles of the blue
Thy voice hath gained a sound that calls a sheen
Of glory from the glory of the sea!
The skies are clear and lustrous, and from thee
The nodding rose takes on a fairer hue,
The grass streams westward with a fresher green.
But twilight sees thee whiten silently,

And fogs roll in o'er marshes, and the smell
Of ocean flowers blows stronger from the brine,
And like a tide within me come and go
Vague longings after dead and buried things.
And faintly, as thou weep'st to rest, the swell
Of rocking billows, foaming line on line,
Comes up the land, and with a pallid glow,
Beneath the moon thy mists fold up their wings.

'Tis then we hear the elfin sea music
Rise in fantastic melodies of eld,
And far within the dusky purple east
A thousand murmurous harmonies run on.
O Wind, not always dreams the stilly lick
Of low surf on the shore, but oft have swelled
The waters, lashed to an angry yeast,
And thou, swooping to land with strength new-
won,

Tear'st through the valley with monotonous
boom,
Tameless and swift — Oh, I would with thee go!
Yes, for within my breast an answering voice
Struggles to follow thine — it lifts me high

E'en as thy flying clouds! I feel a doom
To bear, like thee, the memories that flow
From the dead past, that in their strength rejoice,
When I, like thee, would from my unrest fly.

Ay, trailing after us, they come, they come!
Oh, let me link my empty hands with thine!
Perchance in thy far revellings may break
The chains from which I never can be free.
Alas, it is not so! but, East Wind! some
Morn shall dissolve these fetters, thine and mine,
When the evangel of the Lord shall wake
Eternity across the glorious sea!

REST

I stand alone on this rock-armored shore,
Breathing the incense of the sun-flamed sea.
The world seems fair and from all evil free,
And everything partakes of joy's full store.
The balanced waves move on with rhythmic
tread —
Their bending forms the winds' rude motions
bear;
These blue-encumbered lengths of water wear
Rich ermine capes upon their shoulders spread.
But now the sea grows still, the wearied air
Ceases, the ripples lisp their last farewells, —
Only the tireless swell now sways the calm.
A subtle power frees my soul from care.
Yes, like the sea's still motion, in me dwells
Thought's onward movement tempered by
rest's balm.

THE THUNDER STORM

The sunlight flees the air, — the earth retreats to
sullen gloom.

The burning day anticipates the coming of heat's
doom,

For in the west the clouds' dark brows frown
o'er the timid sky,

And silence waits with anxious calm until the
storm draws nigh.

The air tunes all its harp strings to the thunder's
gathering tone ;

The wind strikes mighty discords, till the strife
of sounds is thrown

Throughout that breadth of atmosphere where
silence held its sway.

Ha ! what new foeman of the heat unleashed his
poniard's play ?

The lightning's struggling splendor with its glit-
tering streams of light,

Flows o'er the plains of darkness ; but the climax
of its might

Bursts all the flood gates of the clouds, and rain
streams are expelled

Until the coolness soothes the air, and haughty
heat is quelled.

But see ! The darkness falters, and beyond the
air's wet fields,

Unshattered lances from the sun pierce through
the cloud's black shields.

Soon the dark tumult ceases — gloom is by light
unbound ;

And Nature, thankful for the storm, smiles from
the rain-stained ground.

A BOAT SONG

Upon the trackless desert of the ocean,
I sailed my little boat one summer's day.
She bounded with a swift and buoyant motion,
Dashing from bows to stern with scattered
spray.

Fathoms of mighty water lay beneath me,
Miles of blue, rolling meadows stretched away,
And far and near the waves with whitecaps hoary
Looked o'er each other's shoulders in their play.

The sea's great arc the pale horizon belted, —
Measureless azure brooded overhead;
White domes, and hills, and pearl-paved road-
ways melted
In the soft winds that breathed on them and
fled.

Lightly the monster bore his tiny rider —
But see! the sky is changed, and on the
shore —

Woe to the boat if e'er such seas betide her —
Comb the wild breakers with a sullen roar.

Fly, little boat! with swift and swifter motion,
Stagger and leap toward your sheltered home.
When angry surges sweep the wakening ocean,
Who would be tempted from his hearth to
roam?

IN FERN TIME

Pale shapes of green, in bosky covert springing,
Send through my mind a pensive music ringing,
As though a troop of fays were faintly singing,

Winding in the slant moonbeams,

Shining through midsummer dreams.

Wandering in the August woodlands slowly,

Oft I come upon their jungles lowly —

Sudden wildernesses of ferns,

Hiding in Nature's cool, dim urns —

They swell a thin and wild, sweet melody

Through the strong forest's deeper harmony,

Like treble flute notes in a symphony.

Their clusters spring along these deep glades
sleeping

Round cliffs o'er which the tangled vines lie
creeping,

And where the waxen clethra spikes are steeping

The air with fragrance; down below

Bright in the grassy meadows, blow

Troops of wild lilies in the breezes swaying

Like scarlet butterflies together playing.

Against my wreath of vine and fern,

Their gathered cups of color burn

Among fair harebells grouped around their feet.

E'en so the fiery hearts are wont to beat

Warmly toward others that are cold and sweet.

A fairy spot, this little headland lying

Out in the woodland lake; here shadows, dying,

Melt in the mirrored blue; to soft winds sighing,

The honeyed wild azaleas shake

A rose-streaked blossom in the lake,

And, in the sunshine, water lilies dreaming

Stir on the crystal deeps around them gleaming.

Here, amid leaves, the maidenhair
Unbinds her tresses to the air
In fragile beauty. How thou seemest near,
Spirit of these lone woods! such shapes appear
That whisper One hath been before me here.

The world is full of God! in the soft splendor
Of earth and sky I read his message tender.
Here will I rest, my silent praise to render
Beneath the whispering trees. How still
The landscape! drinking in its fill
Of sunlight. The waves on the pebbles breaking,
Rush, foam, and lapse. I would that never
waking
This peace might know, while yet I feel
Its gentle rest across me steal.
With idle rise and fall, my spirit flows
Whitherso'er uplifted fancy goes
To dream within the afternoon's repose.

A FANDANGO

The moon looked down one summer night —
A yellow globe of tender light —
Upon a little brook at play
That dashed its silver rills to spray,
And bubbled o'er with gurgles gay,
And danced and danced
A light fandango in the meadow.

The slender iris' purple cup
With dewy fragrance filling up,
And sweet white violets that grew
In crowds near by, their shadows threw
That flickered when the night wind blew,
And danced and danced
A light fandango in the meadow.

A firefly, with gambols rash
Floating in many a dying flash,
Now lit a-tilt on a grassy bar,
Now gleamed within the dusk afar,
Now downward slid like a falling star ;
 And danced and danced
A light fandango in the meadow.

There was a happy frog who knew
His sweetheart's tender love was true ;
So, where the brooklet's wavelets beat,
And washed against their twinkling feet,
They sang a polka shrill and sweet,
 And danced and danced
A light fandango in the meadow.

What wonder I was moved to speed
On twirling tiptoe down the mead ?
And as, in fairy guise, with glee
I whirled a quickstep airily,
We joined in mirthful revelry,
 And danced and danced
A light fandango in the meadow.

YELLOW AND WHITE CHRYSANTHE- MUMS

O rich and pure! what fair and downy dreams
Are pillowed soft within your melting bloom?
Methinks the eastern moonlight lifts the gloom
Where, through thick leafage, parting as it
gleams,
You lean to meet the blushing silver beams.
Ah! now I hear an airy footstep start
Down terraced walks where statues shine
apart, —
One comes and earth with nobler beauty teems.
O now she gathers you with her light touch
Into those warm, white fingers! — Gods! I feel
That clasp you meet so pale and passionless.
Swaying your long, loose fringes! 'Tis of
such
Dreaming, the hours my senses steal,
And steal my heart, for her — I dream — to
bless.

LOOKING OFF

Far, far across the waters blue,
The land of Beulah comes in view —
The white Hesperides.
Here flashing breakers rush and roar;
But on that distant, dream-locked shore
Is rest and flowery ease.
Could I but dip my pearly feet
In purple waves in that retreat,
How sweet the summer's day!
But I should long for the bright, wild sea,
For the rough, red rocks, and the storm — and
thee;
So let life have its way.

EAST WIND IN THE CITY

The skies are fair this afternoon,
The trees and grass are green with June;
Salt-scented, from the marshy lea,
In long, delicious breaths set free,
The east wind comes in from the sea.

The atmosphere's soft, crystal light
Reveals the city, clean and bright.
Cool shadows in the trees dive deep
Beneath the vivid lights that steep
The groves and streets in tranquil sleep.

I smell the freshening ocean air;
I feel its breath blow back my hair;
I seem to see long, wet sands shine,
And hear the billows, line on line,
Roll inward from the flashing brine.

In fancy, once again I lie
Where great rocks pile their ruins high.
Far down below, against their feet,
The restless breakers rush and beat
In loud advance and light retreat.

Eastward the sparkling water lies,
Far reaching 'neath the circling skies.
A white gull gleams across the blue,
A white sail glimmers into view,
And flecks of foam the breezes strew.

With half-shut eyes I dream, I glide
Away out with the flowing tide,
As though the great heart of the sea
Had drawn my own away from me
In its mysterious sympathy.

But round me lies no summer reach
Of hoary cliff, nor yellow beach.
The sound the breezes murmur o'er
Is not the waves upon the shore,
But busy traffic's ceaseless roar.

Yet in the day's drear brightness, dwells
The secret that the wild sea tells.
Wide o'er the land its trance is spread,
That seems from yearning sadness bred,
Like memories of joys long dead.

The tender glory in the air
Rests like a blessing, everywhere ;
The sunset's slanting haze that falls
On distant spired towns and walls
The vision of St. John recalls.

Such must the Holy City be,
When earth wears immortality.
When, in its airs of solemn gold,
Wide, still, the Almighty's wings unfold
In baptism of peace untold.

RENEWAL

There comes drifting over the marshes
An odor known to me,
And a tumult stirs my spirit,
Almost lost to memory.
My flagging blood flows faster —
My heart is struggling free
Out of its dull, long sadness,
For oh, I smell the sea !

Roll back, thou years of sorrow,
Thou long, long years of pain!
Let in a flood of sunshine
Through the drear clouds fringed with
rain.
Come back, youth's dewy freshness,
The hopes and dreams all vain,
The happiness I longed for —
I smell the sea again.

Take heart, O weary woman!
There yet remains for thee
All that thou thought'st had vanished
This side eternity.
Renew thy race, glad Virtue, —
Life's purpose, strong and free;
God sends His cheering message
In the odor of the sea.

“PURPLE SHADES OF AUTUMN”

Purple shades of autumn stained the white sails
Down by the sea;
Beauty and heartache touched the world together,
Coming to me.

Lonely the splendid sunlight brooded a-dreaming
Over the lea,
Where goldenrod flamed and beckoned,
Calling to thee.

Heartache crept softly out and left earth's pure
beauty,
How tenderly!
For through the light and shade came footsteps
Down by the sea.

AT EVENING

The glowworm in the rose's cell
A message had from thee,
That, shining through her softened light,
Brought thy dear eyes to me.

The rose reached out and thrilled my hand—
She whispered something sweet;
And then methought that softly so
I knew thy heart could beat.

The summer night slid down and touched
My spirit with her own.
Ah, in her passionate low speech
I heard thy gentle tone!

Still must the heart strings in my breast
Throb lonely 'neath such themes?
O come to me and comfort me,
Or haunt me not in dreams!

OCTOBER

A hush hath fallen o'er the autumn days.
The white sail, noiseless, steals away from shore;
Blue seas spray silverly with mellowing rush
On rocks steeped through with sunshine. All the
woods,
That meet the happy pathways of the fields,
Find death a rapture, pouring through their veins
The draught none save immortals can endure.
And oh, the sky! those heights on heights of blue,
Seen through the arches and gold-fretted domes
Of lofty elms, how beautiful! They rain
Thought writ in fire, drenching the heart with
love.

THE FOREST PARK

Thy long, low, winding mounds and vales, that
rest

Where trees' contending shadows always lower,
Show where some glacier furrowed earth's broad
breast

With icy ploughshares, drawn by mystic power.

Though roughly hewn, thy slopes grew grand
with time,

As hidden secrets 'mid thy dust were wrought;
Till now triumphant pine-trees stand sublime,
The noble actions crowning Nature's thought.

A temple thou—saved from destruction's bane—
Where dwells the goddess Rest, whose power
divine

Unties for men the tangles in life's skein
If they but worship at her forest shrine.

Though greed and change may threaten, firmly
stand

In thy primeval purity alone,
E'en though the city raises round thy land
A greater, envious wilderness of stone.

DESPOILED

Ceased is the summer shower,
And empty clouds lie listless,
Wrecked on the far horizon's shore,

Like shells of India's sea,
Robbed of their pearls; and useless,
Cast on some sandy, wave-wet floor.

BY THE SEA

The unending blue of ocean meets mine eye,
All life and sparkle, and the fresh, spiced air
Rushes, its gladness with my soul to share.
These waves are friends, — together we laugh,
sigh,

Without the need of words; such ones would I
Dwell with, whose silence is a speech most rare.
Today this bright sea hath no room for care,
Voicing, unchecked, the eternal harmony.

God in this scene maketh my soul grow still,
Reaching me through creation, telling all
That is; and I, most willing pupil, learn
By touch of Love that love is all His will.
Assurance sweet! we hear His truth's strong
call,
And, listening, forget to weep and yearn.

AUTUMN

Lo! on the threshold of the year's decay
Eternal Life looks down, and Nature's lyre
Smites with a prescient tumult of desire.
Earth, listening, glows beneath the rapturous lay.
Look! where the skies faint o'er the azure day,
What chords are blending! gold and scarlet
fire,
Cool green that melts to amber mounting
higher,
And, fading like a dream of joy away,
Against the blue, rose hues and violets lie.
From west to east rich color pours along
The dying hills, flashing immortal breath —
A glorious burst of longdrawn harmony,
Like to that sumptuous and triumphant song
That strikes its music through the soul of death.

AURORA BOREALIS

Out from the far, cold circle of the north,
The flames of Heaven's great watch fires struggle
 forth,
And paint the ceiling of the star-pierced night
With restless frescoings of beauteous light;
Now glowing low, with steadiness intense,
 Like nobleness enshrined in some strong soul;
Now gathering vividness, until immense,
 Full chords of color swell and upward roll.
Across the night, these wondrous flashlights
 throw
Their silent signalings, now quick, now slow,
Weaving the stars in their mysterious veil, —
A drama grand — but no man reads the tale.

TO SOME NEIGHBORING CEDARS

Last night the storm swept through thee, and thy
 boughs,
Drenched with the pulsing millions of its drops,
Thrilled to a wild and eerie melody.
From where the sea bird rocks, it came to thee,
And messages from the sweeping clouds down-
 poured —
Songs that the winds and rains and sunshine
 hoard.

Shut from the cold I lay, and listened long,
Watching thy slender spires against the sky
Beat like a baton, writing on the air
That Nature's score which in divine despair
The rapt composer follows, till he hears,
Broken, afar, the music of the spheres.

IN THE FALL

The eddies of the north wind sweep
Through dead leaves rustling low ;
Its breath is from the freshened deep,
And woods with frost aglow.
Thin, blue, the waving tree shades lie
Across the gray road winding by,
And high on rocky steeps, and higher,
Glow the red sumach's fire.

Each loosened leaf writes on the air
A poem in its fall ;
It beckons me its dream to share,
And binds me in its thrall.
Through the still sunset, amber clear,
I hear some far off chanticler
From out the farmyard call.

The azure fire that fills the sky
Is cold, but full of love.
Rocked on its breast the cedars lie
Crowning the cliffs above.
And, running down yon chain of hills,
Color with praise the autumn fills,
Knowing 'tis joy to die.

THANKSGIVING EVE

The crescent moon, a shining blade,
Glitters adown the west.
Gray bars of cloud, vermilion-dashed,
Sink wind-blown to their rest.
'Tis pleasant by the wood fire's blaze
When darkness shrouds the country ways
And harvest fields undressed.

GOD AND IMMORTALITY

SUGGESTED THROUGH NATURE

And canst thou, having senses, doubt, my soul —
Doubt of a God, and of eternal life?
Look 'round thee and forget thy fears — look up!
O deeps on deeps on deeps of heavenly blue,
Wonderful mystery! for which no name
The spirit hath while gazing into thee,
Entranced in the Invisible! No word
But thine, O Love, opes the true utterance
Toward such a power as fastens on me now
In yonder azure. Speak, my heart, thy thought,
That doth outrun the reasoning of mind,
And say thou meetest God within the sky!

Lo, how those heavenly airs whose thrilling touch
Sweeps through the groves of resurrected spring
Long miles of music in the newborn leaves —
How breathe they on the doubting and despair
That struggle with life's auguries, till they wake,
Through some sweet, wordless argument, to faith
In infinite love and immortality!
Hark how the gale leaps from the lightning cloud!
Answers the bellowing thunder's deep-toned voice,
Rolling across the surging forests tossed
Like billows of the ocean — Glorious!
God! roars exultingly the storm along.
God! leaps triumphant through the laboring soul
Caught to the bosom of the tempest — God!
As a frail note's whelmed by a music tide,
Rushes its passion on the spirit — God!

Within those springtime forests, where o'erbroods
His pregnant Being, ever year by year
Writing life's quenchless hope in tender flowers
That die to live again, and drawing from
Old trees the bud and blossoming of youth, —

Within those places we call solitudes,
A Presence draws the soul into itself,
Uplifted yet at home, clasped in the rest
That fills the eternal dwelling place of Him.

Stand thou upon the tempest-beaten shore,
Where the fierce ocean wind comes sweeping like
An eagle by thee, and the lashing waves
Boom on the rocks below with rush and roar
Of harmony, — that tumult speaks to thee
With a familiar voice — thou knowest the tones
Of One who dwells within thee as without.

Who, standing on the mountains, with his feet
Set where the peaks at morn and evening crown
Their heads with changeful beauty — lifting up
Altars of amber fire in setting suns,
Blushing as softly as an infant's cheek
When o'er them palpitates the morning star,
Swelling with swaying cycles of soft sound
The while the silken zephyr's sighing tone
Low agitates their forests, or awake
To the stern music of the savage storm —
Who, standing here, uplifted, while below
Spreads the round, rugged earth that shows her-
self

A vast ball hung in space, — who but then through
His sense of overwhelming weakness feels
The conviction swell and shadow it — O Thou,
Upon the threshold of whose life I stand,
I see Thee, feel Thee, know Thee — Thou art here,
Enthroned upon these heights.

But, looking up
Beyond the summit of earth's ancient hills,
The secret of the heavens leads the mind
To thought that it but dimly comprehends,
And leaves it, lost, before the Infinite.

The stars, prophets whose feet tread out our lives,
Whose countless eyes, in the forgotten past,
Beheld the birth of man, and saw the rise
And fall of powerful nations, whose vast worlds
In constellations numberless people space,
And still are more, and more beyond the more, —
Millions of suns, the centres of bright troops,
Whirling down measureless tracks through the
unknown

Black ether fields, flashing through endless space
The syllables of an almighty Word,
Unutterable by man — O when I look
Breathless, into the awful, glittering night,
My soul is smitten with humility
That kills her sense of worth. But, as I feel
Crushed into nothingness, my spirit then
Springs as a mighty force restrengthens it,
And with its foot upon the heavens, clasps
The hand of God in reverent fellowship.

Miscellaneous Poems

STEPPING-STONES

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Tennyson

I

SCENE: *A Studio. Two artists at work. First artist throws down his brush, and, going to the window, stands looking out.*

First A. (soliloquizing) 'Tis of no use! They
told me in my youth
That genius should be free. And I am free!
Free as yon smoke that wavers up and down,
Wandering wheresoever it shall list.
How free is that? There are fixed laws that trace
The lightest whirl that marks its upward way.
And so with me; wherever I may turn,
There is some bar, some harshly pointing hand,
That says, "Thou shalt go this way;" and I go.
Free! — was I free when o'er the mountain steep
I wandered till fatigue delayed my steps?
Ah, was I free when down the torrent wild
My small boat shot, and bore me on with it
Till only chance hands snatched me from my
death?
How free was I when passion's whirling race
Bore me toward her heart to starve unfed?
How free was I when through that other soul,
Formed of the mingled dreams of heaven and hell,
I tasted mad delight and dull despair?
Ah, I was free! what hollow mockery!
Have I of late been free, when from the glass
All glowing with the life blood of the vine
I drained the false elixir, till at last
I swam entranced in festival of sense

And glorious visions, only to return
To earth and find myself a bestial sot?
Ay, that was freedom — freedom to be cursed
With everlasting thirst and endless strife —
With habits whose unbridled course would bind
Me to the misery of Tantalus,
And drag the manhood left to slavery.
Ah, I am free! what lovely ministry
Those legions of the damned that I have raised
In this my search for freedom — how they strive
To do some service to my noble art!
How vie they with all sweet wiles known to them,
Each to express himself, while I stand by
Wielding the brush for them that shall depict
A portrait of my masters! Ah, I free!
God! I were freer rotted back to dust,
Though even that slaves for the elements.

*Second Artist approaches, and lays his hand upon
the other's shoulder.*

Second A. What moves you, brother?

First A. Some few thoughts, no more.

Second A. You look one lost in woe.

First A. Lost, that is true —
In what, I cannot name. It is enough
To feel the name, and shudder at its deeps.
Some people call it hell.

Second A. Why, what is this?

First A. Do you shrink from me?

Second A. Shrink from you? Not so.
These are the fancies of a fevered brain.

First A. See what a beauteous vision gathers
shape

Upon your canvas! It is full of peace, —
So I should name a thing I never knew.

Second A. You ne'er knew peace?

First A. Nay, what may it be like?

Second A. (thoughtfully) I knew it not myself
till latterly.

First A. So you do know it! Tell me where
'tis bred.

Second A. 'Tis bred in battle with our dead-
liest foe.

First A. What may you mean?

Second A. In victory over self.

First A. I never sought to subjugate myself.

Second A. Then 'tis no wonder that you are
in hell.

Our nature is two-fold. The selfish will,
Set against God's will, is the road to hell.
This rebel loosed will breed a thousand fiends
To whip you to destruction. You are bound.

First A. I need not you to tell me I am bound.
But I will yet gain freedom if there lives
Power in the soul of man to taste of such.

Second A. There does; if you will learn, —
it needs naught else.

First A. Teach me the way, and I am e'er
your friend.

What mean you by God's will?

Second A. I call it that.
There is a governing Spirit everywhere
That harbors with my conscience; and when I,
Through fiercest struggles with my selfish will
Obey the mandates of this lawgiver,
Then follow peace, and freedom of the soul.
My conscience is God's will.

First A. You must obey
Your conscience? How is that then to be free?

Second A. What if it be the conscience
points to that
Which reason through experience has proved
Alone is to be loved and struggled for
As yielding you your freedom? What if you

Find that God's will gives all your own has
missed

In darkest ignorance through devious ways —
The only way that leads you safely home
Unto the wished for goal?

First A. (musingly) Once I did know
A woman that I would have counted such, —
Ay, and would now, — and serving her should
feel

That I had found my freedom, for it is
A bondage that I long for; such no more
Is bondage, but free service, and delight.

Second A. Ay, now you speak the word —
free service for

That which we love the most — 'tis freedom so.

First A. Yet many choose to love the blight,
the curse;

They hug the chains that make of them a slave.
Free service, but where freedom?

Second A. You do err.
No man loved yet destruction. Oft the clutch
Of some vile habit breeds a false delight —
A vampire that does sap the life it feeds,
And powerless 'neath its charm the wretch prefers
Poison to food, and still no less is doomed.
Ask such a bondman if he loves his chains!

Yourself but now owned that you were in hell.

First A. How learn we then that conscience
— God's will — is

The only master that can set us free?

Second A. By hard experience, as you have
learned.

And, speaking of this woman, you are wrong
In deeming you could serve the imperfect so,
Unless you were yourself perfected first.
Somewhere this mortal soul would show a flaw,
And disappoint you. Could you serve her still,

And find your freedom so?

First A.

No —

Second A.

I have been

Bound to a woman thus with all my soul,
And found the bondage madness — for no fault
Of hers, — what right had I to ask of her
That she should be my savior, and reveal
Perfection absolute, that I might wait
Joyful upon her will and thus be free?

I sought and found the Perfect, higher far.

First A. Where can you find perfection?

Second A.

It exists.

If you but knew it once, you could but choose
To know your master and your destiny.
To know yourself — for in yourself it lies.
Mankind must serve; it is its very breath —
The spring of every motive — to give self
To some belovèd thing. Only the wise
Unwind their tendrils from unworthy gods —
Idols of clay — and learn to love aright
The Father of all freedom — we His heirs.
Not blighting other loves, but guiding them
To their true place, unto their true delight.

First A. Unwind their tendrils! so would I,
alas!

But where can I find strength? This means to me
Struggles protracted, wherein I may be
The vanquished, not the victor; so am I
Bound in the chains of habit.

Second A.

So was I.

“The Truth shall make you free.”

First A.

What is the truth?

Where is it to be found? Such words are vague;
They bring no meaning to the mind perplexed.

Second A. I felt as you, and thus I made my
search.

I said, I have sought freedom all my life,

Lured on by passion's flattering promises,
That do but bind me to her caprices.
If there is aught within this universe
That can command these clamorous, lustful
tongues

That make my rest a nightmare, and my flesh
A double burden if I them obey —
If there lives any Power can set me free,
So that I may be tranquil, and no more
A curse unto myself and all the world, —
Even perchance a blessing, if such hope
Can visit a dead destiny like mine, —
Reach down and give me strength to follow Thee.

First A. And were you helped?

Second A. Ay, helped to help myself.
A faint, persistent, and yet loving voice
Urged me on bleeding feet to sacrifice;
But after sacrifice came the reward.
I learned that in myself a spirit dwells
Godlike — ay, even one with God Himself.
It told me I was happy, sinless, free.
It gently took the reins from flesh and sense,
And turning all my being toward itself,
Reigned, and rebellion perished; for the law
That erst I found so irksome, had become
My innermost desire, and my peace.
I could not be discouraged, though the way
It led me upward in was long and hard.

First A. And this mysterious life you call
the truth?

Second A. Ay, truth, the spirit of the Christ
in you.

First A. In me? O no.

Second A. I tell you, yes, in you.
When Peter said, "Thou art the Son of God!"
Christ answered, "Thou art, Peter, and upon
This rock I build my church." I say in you.

First A. (laughing) Though your theology
may be at fault,
Your heart is not. I'll follow after you.

II

*Early evening. CLARA ENGLISH in boudoir alone.
Reads from newspaper.*

Cla. "The artist, Henry Frankenstäl, was
found

In an intoxicated state last night,
Past midnight, lying by the entrance of
The Murray Hill Hotel. An officer
Carried him to the station house, where he
Was held on bail this morning. 'Tis well known
Among the friends of Frankenstäl, that he
For a year past had given up the use
Of liquors, which he drank much formerly,
Though ne'er before to common drunkenness;
And for this reason they regard as strange
His swift return without apparent cause,
And with such violence, to an old vice.
As for himself, he will not talk of it."

(Rises and paces the floor.)

So what they said was true! Ah me, ah me!
I hoped he had abandoned his wild course.
He loves me — yes, he said it, says it now;
And yet he stooped, and still stoops, to this pass.
My God! found in the gutter — Frankenstäl!
The man I love — alas! he knows it not!
Why should he know it? I will wear a smile
Over this breaking heart for all my life,
Ere such a man shall claim me as his own.
Poor Henry! He must suffer so tonight —
For he was always proud — as low as this!
Why should I pity him who chose to seek
Perdition, rather than reform for me?

I never asked him, true. I ask a man
To set my love a prize 'gainst appetite!
So — for a year — and now he falls like this!
(*Kneels by the couch and remains so a long time.*)
(*Rising*) I am going to him — he needs a friend.

III

An elegant apartment. FRANKENSTÄL alone.
Enter VALET.

Valet. A lady at the door would see you, sir.

Frank. Conduct her in.

(*VALET returns with CLARA, veiled.*)

Madam, be seated, pray.

(*VALET withdraws. CLARA removes her veil.*)

Miss English! Am I making a mistake?

Cla. No, no mistake. My mother waits without.

Frank. You wish to see me?

Cla. I — I wish to, yes.

Frank. 'Tis many years since you and I have met.

Cla. Have you forgotten —

Frank. That three days ago

I wrote and asked your hand — the hand that you

Have twice refused to me? and that tonight

My name is spoken by a thousand tongues

In accents of contempt? Both I recall.

How can I serve you now?

Cla. Henry!

Frank. I know

Not what you mean.

Cla. Help me to tell you, then!

Frank. Remove your hand, and stand away from me.

If it was pity brought you here tonight,

I thank you. It was kind. I need it not.

Clara. You not need pity?

Frank. Clara, pray return.

You do not know how low a man has sunk

Who can forget himself as I have done.

Pity me, if you can. The time has come

When I am grateful to you e'en for this.

But you must not stay here. Goodnight — good-bye.

Clara. I will not go. It breaks my heart to go.
I love you.

Frank. You love — *me*?

Clara. I love you — yes.

Frank. Are you aware the man you say you
love

Came out this morning from the city jail,
A common drunkard?

Clara. Henry, I love you.

Frank. (*turning from her and kneeling by a chair. Muttering.*) They say the souls in
hell may look on heaven.

Clara. (*kneeling beside him*) Dear Henry, let
me touch you — let me speak!

This is not new to me, as you may think.

It was the same, yes, years ago, when first

You said you cared for me. I cannot tell

Why, in despite of all you seem to me

Of what is strong and manly, you persist

In this unhappy course. I only know

God gave my heart to you, and I must love;

And I will not forsake you now if you

Still cannot change, but following on will hope

To bring you to the better way at last.

It is my duty. Henry, don't! ah, don't!

You will not send me from you after this?

Frank. (*whispering*) Please take your arm
from me. It breaks my heart,

And does pollute you, too.

Cla. Whatever now
Pollutes you, it shall me, for I am yours.

(*Frankenstäl lifts her and, rising, stands back.*)
You look so strange! Am I unwelcome then?

Frank. Unwelcome — you?

Cla. Dear Henry —

Frank. Oh, my God!

I must not keep you thus within my arms.

I am a brute, a fallen, drunken beast,

Unfit to breathe the air with such as you.

Dear Clara, part from me, or I shall die.

Cla. (reproachfully) You used to love me.

Frank. Love! and do I not?

If this sad, bruised heart, drenched by its tears,

Wrung by the struggles of a guilty soul

Striving to grasp its virtue— could it now

Shed its poor blood to give you happiness,

Would it not do so? Love you! do you know

That not an hour of all these ten long years

Your soul has held mine, but has given you

The best it had to give? My one wild grief

That I in the deep gulf looked up and saw

The star I longed to climb to, yet could not,

Striving and ever falling? Ay, I love!

I love you with a love that knows not change,

Pure even now, polluted as I am —

Fallen from the renewed manhood all but grasped

Within my hand — ah, wretched! that I see

My heaven at last and dare not enter it,

Cursed with the crowning woe of hurting you!

But bear with me — my noblest, dearest — give

Only the privilege to speak to you

From day to day, to touch your saving hand.

There is a spirit in my bosom yet

That spite of all shall make the man you love

That which he longs to be — for Christ and you.

Cla. For Christ? you care for Christ?

Frank. You are well amazed.

Sit here, I'll tell you all.

(They sit.) Dear friend, sweet friend,
Angel of innocence!

(He pauses, gazing at her.)

Cla. Many have been

Far worse nor cared so much.

Frank. The shame that wrings
My spirit beside thee!

Cla. How could you do
So, then, thinking of me?

Frank. I thought you did
Not care.

Cla. And yet I would have died for you.
*(Frankenstül sinks on his knees, hiding his face
and sobbing.)*

Frank. I know not what does ail me, yet my
heart
Grows lighter, as if freed from a great load.
(Dries his eyes.)

You die for me! What would I do for you?

Cla. I want to hear you tell — how you have
learned —

Frank. To think of Christ? Ay, strange as
it may sound

From lips like mine — yes, I will tell it you.

You know my friend, Ivan the painter, he

Now is abroad — thankful I am 'tis so,

For he would break his heart as you for me.

Ah! what am I, that God gives me such friends?

He taught me how to struggle 'gainst myself,

And let the Son of God shine through my flesh.

He led me on, till I believed my feet

Were set upon the living Rock indeed,

Safe in the eternal good. Alas for me!
I could not yield all hope, and when I knew —
Clara — the face of Jesus left me then!
In a brief madness I denied His love,
And owned the flesh again. It shall not be
Aught but a dream. As you were entering,
I swore that I would cling to Christ again
And live without you. Angel — Oh, I love —
Cla. (weeping) Henry, His spirit sent me here
tonight.
Let the world go! together we will win
Your peace and mine, and owe it to God's love.

IV

A garden at sunset.

HENRY and CLARA together.

Frank. This peace is wonderful! the color
flares
Mingling like chords of music. There may be
Beings that hear those sweet strains as they rise.

Cla. To see them through your eyes is all I
ask.

Frank. My heart — my wife! how long past
seems all strife.

Cla. God is so good.

Frank. He always was, if we
Self-blinded, had not deemed it otherwise.

Cla. Eternity stretches before us like
A shining plain.

Frank. True, it is 'round us here.

THE TORCHLIGHT PARADE

We heard, far off, the pulsing beat
Of drums that marched from street to street,
Till ranks of piercing gems in sight
Came winding through the sable night,
In one long, milky way of light.

Beneath the torches' flickering glare
To fife and drum and trumpet blare —
A rich, enchanted, weird parade,
The passing bright hosts glow and fade
Down brilliantly embroidered shade.

Look where their torches burst again
From out the dark of yonder glen!
In many a starry, three-fold line
Their restless constellations twine
Through glooms where kindling colors shine.

Now moves a mass of jewels through
A burning radiance of blue;
Beyond them ranks of diamonds gleam
In pure white fire, and onward beam
Where vivid ruby vapors stream.

.

What! lone and black and still thou Night!
How quickly out of sound and sight
Have slipped those lights, and left alone
The stars above where lately shone
A host more brilliant than their own.

Only the light breeze floats a note
From out some larger bugle's throat —
Only far off the drum repeats
Its pulsing echo through the streets —
Naught else the sight or hearing greets.

Ah, see! they come! against the jet
Of night their fierce gold lights are set!
To measure of the rolling drum,
Gay, booming silver sound, and hum
Of marching feet, again they come!

Along the endless, glittering way,
Red, white, and blue, the rockets play;
And rainbow hues are flushing high
Where round the black, encircling sky
A hundred gorgeous sunsets die.

Not for the joyous light and sound
That pours its glad excitement round,
Alone the watching thousands gaze
When wide those peaceful armies raise
Their bristling bayonets of blaze:

Thoughts of the nation's weal and woe
Follow the melody's quick flow;
Thoughts that stout hearts, as good and brave
As those that died the land to save,
Beat where those thousand torches wave.

Nor yet for one man's hope of gain
Swells loudly the triumphant strain;
The quenchless love of country springs
Within unnumbered breasts, and flings
Its strength on music's trembling strings.

Beat, hearts and drums, across the night!
Beat out the wrong, beat in the right!
Beat for our martyrs that have bled —
Beat for our just to progress wed —
Beat for the living and the dead!

Till bloody wars forever cease,
Till reigns a universal peace,

When armies rest as free from fight
As thine, whose twinkling lines of light
Wind back into the sable night.

“ PUT HIM TO DEATH ! ”

Amid the splendid court of Babylon,
The saintly Daniel stood ;
And, that he labored for the highest good,
Idolaters, through ignorance set on,
Reproved and maddened, held him up to scorn ;
Nobles 'twere made raved 'gainst the noble born,
“ Put him to death ! ”

From out the soil of sacred Galilee
The holy Saviour sprang ;
And that with truth his words and actions rang,
With aim to set from evil all men free,
Against him rose poor, wild humanity,
And shouted, wroth with their great destiny,
“ Put him to death ! ”

Against the false and evil, Luther fought,
Striving to raise his kind ;
And thousands, in their carnal passions blind,
Set his protesting, purer life at naught ;
Condemned him for the better things he taught,
Shrieked “ Freedom ! ” in a cry that bondage
wrought —
“ Put him to death ! ”

In Italy did Galileo live ;
And, that he sought and found
Much key to mysteries that hedge us round,
That he some glimpse of God's great plan did
give
To minds glad, eager, never could forgive

Fools fighting knowledge that the wrong might
live,

“ Put him to death ! ”

The same old spirit in our midst today

Cries loud in its conceit :

“ If aught outside the views I hold should greet

The eyes of mortals, let the light of day

Banish its face from me and mine away ;

And they who see it, cursèd, too, be they :

Put it to death ! ”

O God ! how grovelling is the human race !

Well of them thou didst write —

“ They loved the darkness rather than the light.”

O well for them, through Thy protecting grace,

The fate they cried be not their ending place.

That ever springs to life, with brighter face,

Truth put to death.

A MYSTERY

I read a poem, and a form of fire

Flared in my shaken soul.

I said, Strange Spirit, quickening high desire,

What art thou — whence thy power to control ?

I heard a strain of music, and my life

Enchanted was, and drew

Its breath as breathed the sweet, harmonious
strife.

I said, Can lifeless Song my will subdue ?

I looked upon a picture ; my heart stirred

In strange, sad echoing.

I said, What whispers that I have not heard,

Speak to the listening heart from this dead
thing ?

I stood beneath the starry heavens, alone.
Quickening the sky, the sod,
Creation o'er my spirit flashed her own,
And I conceived the might and love of God.

Composer! Artist! Poet! can you tell
What is the language fine,
Whose keen vibrations, in their noiseless swell,
Wake with resistless power your soul in mine?

RAPHAEL'S CHERUBS

Resting in clouds untouched by sun or storm —
Arms, wings, and heads to make each little form,
Yon chubby boys, with heavenly eyes uplifted
As though before their gaze bright visions
drifted, —

What do you see? A sweet and tender awe
Shines through your looks, as though you hardly
saw

But felt, such rapture as a dewdrop feels
When through its trembling heart the sunlight
steals.

You had been playing in the summer sky,
Bidding "God-speed" the prayers that floated by,
Dropping bright blossoms before human feet
That wondered why they found the way so sweet,
When lo! a sound, beating with every joy
The soul most longs for — Love without alloy
We seek, but never give nor take on earth —
That deep chord sped your swift wings to the
birth

Of harmony such as Christ's gift of life,
With its eternal victory over strife,
Would make in music. As its streams arise,
Things sweeter than I know are in your eyes.

THE RING NEBULA

So sunk in space it seems almost a dream —
The pale ring nebula! O eons old,
Mysterious, sublime, strange life untold!
Man's little day crosses thy solemn beam.
Perhaps it be that golden circlet's gleam
Is set for lovers as a sign in heaven,
Watching o'er those to whom true love is given.
Vainly we guess what mighty meanings stream
Unto the earth from the unmeasured spheres,
While prisoned spirits long to know their will,
Striving for wider reach of soul and sense.
On those still shores there seems no lapse of
years:
Eternity, above earth's silver sill,
Hath ope'd her doors: We ask her — whither?
whence?

HAMLET

Above the wilderness of Shakespeare's verse,
The character of Hamlet, like a star,
Shines from his topmost heaven. So pure, so
true,
By very stress of love's own fealty
Urged on to hate and vengeance. Feeling all
The plea of those eternal verities
That shape men's course to virtue, yet distraught
By human frailty crossing all his dreams.
Oh, there is that in such a noble heart
Which reaches down through centuries to wake
Mankind's divinity; this from the dust
Doth chivalrous spring to take a brother's part,
Who, struggling with life's problem, could not
yield
His high-born soul to baseness, but toiled on
Through strife, and pain, and death — to victory.

INTUITIONS

The poet knows if his song be true ;
For it comes with a whirl and a fire,
As his fingers, wandering in the dark
Over Life's harpstrings, strike a spark
Out of the golden wire.

The artist knows if his art be true ;
For it seizes and wields his hand,
While smites his anointed heart and eye
The Vision Beautiful passing by ;
Few see, none understand.

The musician knows if his theme be drawn
From the eternal score ;
For his Eden, held by a flaming sword,
Opes, and he hears the liquid word
That haunts him evermore.

The lover knows if his love be true ;
For he reads, untaught, the scroll
Of another life, with the wondering thought
That the universe to man is brought
In the touch of a kindred soul.

The Christian knows if his faith be true ;
For he feels the hallowed blade
Of his soul's ideal pierce his heart
With the wound that heals, and he bears his
part
Of the cross on the Saviour laid.

ISOLATION

I know a language I have never spoken —
The words that voice my soul.

Oft over me its eloquent billows roll;
Swift, fiery, it longs to give some token
To other ears, but there is none that hears.

I make companions of the woods and waves, —
They seem to understand;

The God within them takes me by the hand;
But, lonely else, the inner being craves
Some human tone whose utterance is its own.

Prisoned in self, each spirit dwells apart;
No common tongue, no cry

Has power to voice the personality.
Since Babel fell upon the human heart,
Man strives in vain his true speech to regain.

Yet sometimes some familiar secret word
Flashes from other eyes —

Our own reply to them in glad surprise;
Heart leaps to heart, rejoicing to be heard.
Who that has met his friend thus, can forget?

THE TRUE NOBILITY

Perchance their way hath naught of pageantry —

No sound nor show of state —

Perchance no voice among men names them great.

About the footstool of Christ's throne they wait —

His glorious band of aristocracy.

They claim no worth — only the few well see

How gracious is their smile,

How sweet their service and how true the while.

White, high-bred souls no evil doth defile —

The friends and ministers of Royalty.

Aristocrats, yet a democracy :

They choose Christ for their King,

And all mankind to high estate would bring.

Strong for the work of Truth, at heart they sing,

Already clothed in immortality.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN

O Prince! I gaze upon thy manly face —

It is not beautiful, yet there I trace

Some charm, some power, some sudden, winning
smile,

That make the heart and eye remember thee.

There is a royal movement to thine hand,

And in thy quiet bearing something grand,

Reminding us of kings — as kings should be.

Where is thine abdicated throne, young knight?

Hast thou forgot it in the alarm, the fight?

Is it in some far land where men hate guile,

Unerring true to virtue as the sword

That flashes from the scabbard of the Lord?

How He must love thee, and souls like to thee,

Whose arms on earth give Christ the victory.

THE HARP OF JUDAH

I stood on barren hills scorched by the sun ;
The sky arched over them its pale blue light
That here and there revealed old ruins set
In dreary desert places, where the sand
Sifted its desolation undisturbed.
No sound relieved the stillness, not a form
Flitted across the fiery heat to seek
The unrefreshing shadows of the noon.
A mighty loneliness, as if the face
Of God were turned against it, brooded o'er
The circle of my vision.

But what glow,
Afar on yonder mountains dipped in haze,
Blushes with rosy azure, creeping o'er
The fainting land like love across despair?
The glance that sweeps the weird monotony
Leaps to catch sparkles and soft gleams of blue ;
And looking down, tracing through vales obscure,
I marked a river winding to the sea.
With eager feet descending, soon I stood
Close by its willowed margin, drinking in
Its cooling breath, and listening to the sounds
It babbled on the pebbles. Noting how
It ever widened as it neared the sea,
I saw upon a drooping tree that trailed
Its tremulous branches in the eddy stream,
A mouldering lyre, Judah's neglected harp,
Long given up to silence and decay.
Quickly I seized it, curious to hear
Its wakened tones, so grand in ages gone,
And struck with careless vehemence the strings.
When, as a thousand voices swelling from
Caverns far underground and regions hid
In the remote, vast solitudes, arose
A strain of such unearthly, wailing sound,

Of hope deferred, of terror, and of woe,
I shuddered as I heard; it swept along
Through the deep valleys echoing with moans,
Till, borne to farthest distance, died away.

The silence reassured me, and as one
Held by a scene of horror looks again
E'en as he turns away, so tremblingly
Again I touched the harp.

O sweet surprise!

Its melting notes crept forth, and flew on wings
Of swiftest ecstasy where high in air,
From north and east, from south and west, such
streams

Of harmony united, that the earth
Swayed tremulous as a star that longs to break
Free from its narrow circle, drawn by some
More strong and radiant sphere; and my own
soul,

Ringling one note of joy into the song
That swelled and beat around the walls of Heaven,
Laid itself down at the Messiah's feet,
And knew content at last.

THE BEYOND

Out in the caves of night,
Blazing in glory,
Millions of marshaled suns
Tell us their story.

Ever, in those far fields,
Comets fly gleaming —
Throbbing with crystal fire
Planets rise beaming.

In clouds of nebulous mist
New suns are dawning —

Over some unknown sky
Flashes the morning.

Infinite spheres of light
Whose shining portals
Beckon to lovelier worlds
Pure souls of mortals.

Sirius and Betelgeuse,
Rigel, Capella,
Altair and Procyon
Lead the host stellar ;

Vega and Arcturus,
Algol, Antares ;
Spica and Fomalhaut, —
Silver that star is :

Pleiads and Hyades
Veiled in soft splendor —
Hundreds of stars like dust,
Mellowed and tender.

How might those monsters laugh
At earth's poor naming,
When such a glorious tongue
From them is flaming.

How might the small earth laugh,
As, in God's keeping,
Over space's mighty sea
Man's thought is leaping.

Laugh, then, O little Earth !
For, through the Spirit,
Thy sons of carnal birth
Heaven shall inherit.

MAN'S MIND THE KEY TO THE UNIVERSE

Once, in a studious mood, I scanned the heavens
Through old Hipparchus' eyes, and onward up
Through Newton's; and I thought, to man is
given

All knowledge if he will but quaff the cup.
On yonder mountain summit sits the truth,
And waits to be discovered; in this breast
Deep secrets lie recorded, and joy, ruth,
Answers have framed that shall reward our
quest.

Wise messages are shouted in the gale;
Nightly the stars proclaim their history;
And not a flower that decks the hill or vale
Would of its being make a mystery.
Turn where we may the key of All is there;
The name of Deity itself is writ
Boldly in glorious letters everywhere,
And sometime all mankind shall utter it.

AWAKENING

Dark is the distant sea;
The sails stand white
Before the light
That from the sun is streaming.

Along my unkempt life,
What deeds of mine
Deserve to shine
Faultless, beneath Truth's gleaming?

TO THE MOUNT

O Mount, thy glorious days are done —
The beauty of thy past is gone ;
 Man did decide thy fate.
For he, with his despoiling hand,
Hath crossed the borders of thy land,
 And left thee desolate.

For thou a shining gem hast been
In Nature's hilly necklace green —
 A jewel, stern but fair ;
Thy shoulders, by the forest dressed,
Upheld with pride thy rocky crest
 In higher realms of air.

But now thy forest cloak is worn,
And all its seams, thy paths, are torn
 By tramp of many feet ;
The flowers no longer grace thy sod ;
The columbine's familiar nod
 No more the spring doth greet.

But, though thy slopes have been deprived
Of verdure, that upon them lived
 When thou wert in thy prime,
Long may thy ledges unmoved stand,
Unchiseled, save by Nature's hand
 Tracing the course of time.

THE ELF AND THE DEWDROP

An elf sat on a cobweb
And thought and thought awhile;
He was a wicked little elf
And meditated guile.

What were those wondrous jewels
That flashed around him so?
Caught in the meshes of the net,
They glittered to and fro.

The spider frowned upon him.
"Pray leave my home," he said;
"When rises up the god of day
Those jewels will have fled."

The elf did not believe him.
Ah, could he make one fall!
He slyly stretched his tiny foot
And kicked one like a ball.

The jewel burst and vanished.
Alas! how cheated he
Who thinks and thinks in hopes to win
Great gain through roguery.

THE STAUBBACH

Down a Swiss mountain runs a small stream,
Catching the sunlight, gleam after gleam;
Through the grooved gorges, with a wild song,
This snow-born rivulet races along.

Over a precipice, with shining feet,
It tries the deep distance, confident, fleet.
Ere it can fall to the vale far away,
All its bright flood is air-shattered to spray.

THE ANNUNCIATION

Over Judea's hills the setting sun
Shed a soft, purple splendor ; in their midst,
White in the heart of verdure, Nazareth
Climbed from a valley's hollow, dreaming in
The tender western light that fell like an
Unspoken blessing. To the north, vested
In mists of azure and deep glooms, hill rose
On hill, each lovelier than the last ; till, crowned
With snow, in the blue distance Hermon raised
His dazzling silver summit to the sun.
Lying to south and east, serenely clear,
Plains reached where lonely Tabor slept in airs
Of golden amber, and from plains beyond,
Eastward of Jordan's wide-extended vale,
The shadowy heights of Bashan blurred the sky.

In Nazareth all was still, where now the sun
Had hid his face behind the western steep,
Leaving a gentle twilight, while around
O'er the broad landscape lingered yet the day.
All still, save children's laughter floated up
To open windows, and anon the sounds
Of some late workman broke upon the dusk ;
Or voices from low housetops, or from courts
Closed in their walls, made dreamy monotone
More peaceful than deep silence.

Here, alone,
Beside her chamber window, Mary sat, —
Mary betrothed to Joseph, David's son, —
Sat leaning with bowed head, lost in her thought.
One round white arm rose from the fallen sleeve
That lay upon the sill, and a slim hand
Pillowed the midnight blackness of rich hair
That swept in loose confusion to the floor.
The light in those large, tropical dark eyes,

Where purity has lit a watchful torch,
The deep, calm breath, the parted, crimson lips,
The statuesque grace of attitude that shows
Two white feet idly crossed, and the deep rose
That breathes its velvet passion through a cheek
Else lit with holy pallor, — they need not
Of words to tell their meaning, — virgin thoughts,
Ideal fancies of the quiet hour
That come with youth and health and stainless
hopes.

I see her now ; those dreaming eyes are fixed
Where far away the rugged country lies
In still, bright beauty, laid with lengthening
shades

That tell of the coming night ; from slopes below
The vineyards whisper in the cooling air,
And plaintively the turtle's note is heard
At intervals, cooing above her young.
Nature's soft musings in the twilight steal
Into the heart like human sympathy,
Lulling its cares to sleep. Over the girl,
The long, vague past, that fled like morning dew,
Its purified, sweet memory distills ;
And, nearer drawn, the present lays its hand
Lightly in hers, and leads her far away.
One face, that brightens through her cloudland
most,

Fairest and best belovèd, is of him
Who waits to link his future with her own.
Most natural for her, in this calm hour,
To feel the consciousness of love like his —
The presence of that life which flows to her,
And wraps her in its atmosphere of joy ;
Yet not of him her thought, save as a stream
About the roots of rushes stirs them, though
They bend another way. The shadows fall
Longer and darker on the northern hills,

And grows the glimmering dusk ; yet, gleaming
still,
Mount Hermon, like the gate of Paradise,
Shines on a darkened world. What strange, pure
hope,
What deep, uplifted longing fills her heart,
As, gazing on the parting smile of day,
She feels her spirit stretch its arms toward
That mountain touched with light ? A holy peace,
Calm and yet full of rapture, spreads its wings
Dovelike above her ; she can hear sweet sounds
Within the distance, melting past, new and
Yet half familiar, and she dreams that the
Messiah's eyes — Judea's coming king —
Look down on her from heaven. Suddenly
The strong impression deepens, and as one
In a calm ecstasy of gladness feels
His soul reach up to fellowship with God,
So Mary, turning, saw with no surprise,
Radiant in the gloom, the angel Gabriel.
His figure towered tall and powerful
Within the little room, yet with such grace
And majesty of bearing that he seemed
A noble pillar, hung with raiment white
And glistening as snow beneath the moon.
Around his head a halo faintly shone
Above its hair of gold, and from his face's
Almost unbearable brightness, his deep eyes,
Keen in their mighty strength and innocence,
Yet tender with great kindness, bent on her
The power of their light. Thus they looked
In silence on each other, till his voice
Glided into the stillness, sweet and low
As alto flute notes ; silence fled not away
But loved the sound, and poured her soul into
It. Thus he spoke :

“ Hail, thou that art highly

Favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art
Thou among women." Mary answered not —
So strange it seemed to speak to such a one —
But pondered in her thought the meaning of
His words, troubled. Which Gabriel, seeing,
Spake once again; and 'neath his solemn gaze
The past and present vanished like a dream,
And all her life poised magnet-like upon
The current of his speech, nor knew nor cared
To know aught else. He told her how the Lord
Had chosen her to be the mother of
The Saviour; how her holy Son, hers and
The Son of God, should reign upon the throne
Of David, and his kingdom have no end;
How near within the future lay the birth
Of him whose life should be the herald of
That greater Life, God entered into man.
And Mary, wondering, believed the word
Of him who spake, and bowing her meek head
She said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord.
Be it unto me according to thy word."

Enwrapt she sat, until, as one who feels
A discord break the spell of harmony
That lifted him into a higher world,
So Mary felt her being smote with change;
And, looking up, beheld the empty room,
Scented the heavy evening dew, and heard
The night wind rustle in the harvest fields.
An April crescent, brimmed with silver light,
Edging with vap'rous pearl the western hill,
Poured over her its pale, uncertain beams,
And in its flood she knelt, to thank the Lord,
And hold communion with her wondrous
thoughts.

O Earth, O Earth! when Mary knelt that night,
Didst thou not tremble when Love's golden chain

Caught thee to bridge the hiatus to God?
I seem to feel the rushing baptism
That swept along its links to light on her —
Christ's solitary worshiper below.
The soft spring air, that knew not even of
Its own brief sweetness, filled its bosom with
The breath of Galilee, and bore it down
Through fruit-tree groves and vineyards dimly
seen,
Touching the cheeks of great leaves silvery-
tipped,
Blew down through mountain passes, and o'er
plains
Where tended flocks couched dreaming, where
the sound
Of welling fountains rippled louder as
The freighted zephyrs passed, blew down, blew
down
Over Jerusalem. Softly the moon
Wrapped mystic street and tower and dropped its
hush
Upon the city's babel. Fair and high
Rose the pale Temple on its sacred mount,
Silent yet eloquent with the peace of God,
That awed the passerby with something of
Its grand, yet tender, rest. And tenderly
The breezes passed within its holy place,
Resting. Perhaps some forehead bared to catch
Its fragrant breath, felt near the Infinite
In that brief moment; perhaps some eyes
Turned heavenward in a sudden thankfulness.
But still the walls echoed the mingled sounds
Of traffic and of pleasure, and hard hearts
Knew not whose face was brooding low that
night,
More beautiful and tenderer than the moon,
More full of light and comfort than the sun.

THE WORD

There is a word — one Word — ne'er spoke nor
writ ;

But since Time's birth each age
Hath sought to utter it by tongue and page.

All things seek evermore to utter it ;

Yet never was there aught
Save One, that did express its boundless thought.

By strange bands that great Word to soul is knit.

Touch one, 'twill leap and shake
The heart its fuller utterance would break.

'Tis at the heart of Love, the soul of Wit,

The Ideal's heavenly light
Tempting our feet from height to greater height.

What spirit but its mystic flash hath lit ?

Stand thou in thought apart
Beneath the stars, — they tell it to the heart ;

And Music, too, would fain embody it, —

Its long Promethean flame
Searches through sound to find itself a name ;

And Science, Art, wrapped in their dreamings sit,

Feeling it strive to speak
Thoughts for which human language is too weak.

Yet what is life save longing days that flit,

Seeking that perfect Word
Which none can ever tell, but all have heard ?

It is the Spirit, opening to admit

Our lives into its own.
That word we strive to speak is God alone.

Then onward, upward! leave the shadowy pit!
Somewhere upon his breast,
Souls shall in silence speak the Word — and rest.

THE CRIPPLE

She lies upon her weary bed
From night till morn, from morn till night;
Day after day the mornings blush,
Eve after eve the stars grow bright.

Unmarked by her accustomed eyes,
The constellations pale and glow;
Unmarked by sad accustomed thought,
The long, slow hours come and go.

The spring awakes, the summer wanes,
The autumn fires, the snow lies white, —
She almost thinks the seasons change
In dreams of some sweet, restful night:

While, as around her silent room
The tides of being ever roll,
The iron heel of suffering
Is pressed into her aching soul.

Yet the clear eyes, the calm face, bear
Few traces of pain's bitter strife,
And many a heart has learned to prize
The lesson of her patient life.

Only God sees the thin, clasped hands
Raised heavenward in mute despair;
Only God hears that heart sore tried
Pour out its agony of prayer.

Save when, at times beyond control,
That heart, benumbed by years of grief,
Grows conscious of its heavy care,
And finds in stormy tears relief.

No more for her the springtime comes,
The wild birds sing, the wild flowers blow ;
No more for her the orchard lifts
Its fragrant drifts of rosy snow.

Wide o'er the happy earth float down
Deep thrilling breaths that softly stir
All living things to newer life
Of blush and bloom — but not for her.

Yet, as she smells the fresh, sweet scents
That through the open window blow,
And sees the curtain's lazy length
In lullaby waft too and fro,

The movements of mysterious change
That make the outer world so fair,
Creep like a spent wave through her heart,
And wake the ghost of springtime there.

She dreams of rippling daisy fields ;
Of sunny woodland openings, where
In times gone by, in dreamful ease,
The soft winds trifled with her hair.

And oft, as on bright, quiet days,
She hears some organ's far off tune,
Within her yearning bosom start
Pale roses of a vanished June.

What thought, on cheering thought intent,
She counts her list of blessings o'er ?
Quick tears, that will not be repressed,
Gush for the days that are no more.

O tired heart and brain! what cheer
Can come to thee from days like these?
What healing mystery of life
Can give to thee its golden keys?

Ah, not alone she keeps her watch
From night till morn, from morn till night,
For in the twilight of her life
She sees the stars of Love grow bright.

Whole days, whole weeks she lies within
A glorious mantle of delight,
That God, on pitying kindness bent,
Wraps round her by his mystic might.

And though no more she treads the hills
Of morning with glad, healthful feet,
She hears, in happier valley lands,
The footfalls of the angels beat.

And like a flower of light her soul
Opes ever, through the passing years,
Toward some coming wondrous change, —
A rainbow seen through falling tears.

Not hope revived, not sorrow healed,
Alone that radiant vision is;
But the great miracle of Love,
When Christ redeems her life with His.

OUR MOTHER'S VOICE

Rolling up like clouds of incense
Stand the great trees in the moonlight,
Breathing out again in beauty
The same Spirit that has formed them.

Like a strong tide flows around me
This mysterious soul of all things,
Calling ever to my spirit ;
And I rise and try to follow.

THE MAN OF SORROWS

His eyes are dark with unshed tears,
Yet full of some hope's flooding light,
As the full radiance of the moon
Pierces the gloom of night.

The crown of thorns is on his brow ;
He heeds it not ; but sees above
The spirit of immortal man
Safe in the fold of love.

O man of sorrows ! many a soul
Feels those same thorns, knows those same
tears,
Till vision of his life redeemed
Brightens beyond the years.

WHAT DOTHT YOUTH KNOW OF LOVE?

What doth youth know of Love?
It plucks at will,
Content in thinking everywhere its fill
Is waiting within reach like buds in June —
As in the soul of Music some new tune.

What doth youth know of Love?
The heart may try
A thousand springs and yet none satisfy;
A thousand forms may touch us in the press,
And still the spirit cry for loneliness.

What doth youth know of Love?
The hand, the face,
That find their way to the soul's sacred place,
Ah! these come not at will; but, having come,
Thenceforth wherever they may be is home.

What doth youth know of Love?
Its need is strong.
'Tis life's long music, not its morning song.
Joyful the middle age that finds its own,
And sad the same whose early dreams have
flown.

What doth youth know of Love?
Age knows it best.
Love's memories few and precious are its rest.
God and eternity shine through dear eyes,
And teach us of the bliss that never dies.

THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH

Heart of the South!
In wild luxuriance blooming,
Outpouring thy rich beauties half untold,
Glowing with smiles alike for kin or stranger —
Call'st thou me cold?

Heart of the South —
In wild luxuriance blooming!
Somewhere in waiting eyes there is a sun
That from my heart could woo thy lavish sweetness,
And all for one.

ON A PORTRAIT OF STANLEY

The music of strange fancies quivers nigh
While thus I gaze upon thy noble face,
Where written are those many themes that lace
The lovely story of thy destiny.
Fathomless trial in those looks I trace,
But virtue's victory hath set its seal
In the proud nostril and the alert steel
That quickens through thy fearless, mild blue eye.
Fancy and fact have run with lightning pace
Across thy brow, but fancy won the race.
Thou dost not smile, but round thee I descry
That grace which owns some tender history —
Sweeter than I could e'er divine or touch,
Had not my own heart written once of such.

THE UNEXPECTED

God forced me, weeping, toward dark, sullen
doors,

The ending to a path of blackest night.
Trembling with terror, I essayed the latch,
When lo! I stood transfigured in the light.

THE ORCHID

Some artist, in the spacious ancient times,
Bearing a glorious message for the world,
Unheeded wrought, till shame and sorrow hurled
His spirit down to death; what we call death —
Genius can never die. And through all climes
His scattered message sought again the breath
Of the earth whereto 'twas sent. And there unfurled

Rare flowers fashioned by his thoughts divine,
Springing in east and west, in north and south,
Thriving in air or soil, in rain or drouth, —
Strange aliens, breathing their Promethean flame.
Suddenly from long indifference supine,
Mankind rose, gazed, proclaimed the artist's
name, —

The Orchid's tardy praise filled every mouth.

THE UNKNOWN MATHEMATICIAN

Who taught the snowflake to geometrize?
Who trained to rhythmic movement the wind's
feet?

Who gave the light its subtle skill to beat
The gamut of the colors, or surprise
Heaven's bow in flashes of the raindrop's eyes?
Who told the brook, when wind and waters meet,
To fret itself in circles? Sure and fleet,
Who set the spider, where the green banks rise,
To weaving hexagons?

Through some fine law
The restless elements part and combine, —
Some wisdom sweeps the orbits of the stars.
A voice taught Flora rules without a flaw
For packing flowers; and a hand divine
Wrote first for Love's high song its notes and
bars.

A SONNET

The largeness of the mountains is in thee,
The airy spaces of the deep blue sky
With their eternal calm and mystery,
Crossed by the tempest that but comes to flee.
A lion spirit, roaming like the sea,
Yet full of truth's unswerving majesty,
Glad to be bound by perfect sovereignty,
Knowing the soul in such a bond is free.

No more thy being to high peaks of thought
Ascends alone, to ponder or adore, —
No more alone thy footsteps slip or fall.
A still, attendant light thy way hath caught:
Truth met with kindred truth forevermore,
That cannot part, — they tell each other all.

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